Here be K. *Philip*, he makes *Renunciation*,
And tank a de *Engliſh* for Save-a his Nation. *O raree*, &c

Here be *Bavaria* and *Cologne* ſeem very much pleaſe,
And here be de *Savoyard* get moſt by de Peace, *O*, &c.

Here be de Engliſh Merchant-men for *France* do ſet ſail,
And here be de *French Privateer* a biting deir Nails, *&c*

Here's de brave Chevalier of de *French King* take leave,
And here be de *Zhacobite* laugh in his Sleeve, *&c*.

Here's de Pope (as ſome ſay lately cure of de Clap)
Who compliment him vid a Cardinals Cap, *&c*.

Here be de *Scotch Tory* a drinking his health,
And here be poor *Perkin* go hang a himſelf, *&c*.

Here be *Marlbro* and *Villars* ſhake hands like a *Brother*
And here be de *French* and *d' Alliee* careſſing each other.

Here be *de* Ragged Soldiers ſent home very poor,
And here be his Officer keep one, two tree Whore, *&c*.

Here be de *Italian* Fidlers and Songſters come all in,
To make *de* Fool Engliſh pay *dear* for their Squawling.

Here be *de* Engliſh Beaux a going to *France*,
To ſee *de* Faſhions, and learn a more Brains, *&c*.

Here be *da* poor Papiſh at de Peace look ſver four,
And here be de great Guns going off at *de Tower*, *&c*.

Here be *de High*-Church make Bonefire and Noiſe,
And here be de Whig ſhake his head and be wiſe.
O Raree ſhow, O pretty ſhow, O fine Gallante ſhow!

BRITISH MUSEUM 8 JL 93

FINIS.

A

Trip to Germany:

OR, THE

D. of *M*——*b*'s Farewel to *England*.

WHO

With his D--hess is going to live in Germany *as a Prince of the* Empire.

ARE all my Lawrels come to this?
Farewell! Let Fame and Honour ceaſe,
Let *M*——*b*'s Name be heard no more,
Nor ring from the *Batavian* Shore.
No more through *Europe* Penetrate,
Nor all the World Proclaim him Great:
Let all the Battles I have fought,
And all my Laurels be forgot.
Yet, *Britain*, when you hear my Cauſe,
Remember ſuch a Man there was:
Remember how in former Days,
I firſt began my Head to raiſe.
Remember what it was, and who,
I ow'd my firſt Promotion too.
I had a S——r in thoſe Times,
That Captivated Royal *J*——*s*,

For whoſe ſweet ſake, I her dear Br——r,
Was the moſt made on, one or t'other.
Of any Youth about the Court,
I who, as am'rous Tales report,
Was very much in Ladies Favours,
For well I underſtood my Haviours,
My Barbary Shape, and other Graces,
Rais'd me to Titles, and to Places.
'Twas much, thro' this, as Tales hove ſaid,
I crept to haughty *C——d*'s Bed:
And from her Penſion lengthen'd out,
The Pay of a young Hero ſtout.
But you muſt know, (tho' pray be huſh)
I for the ſame was forc'd to Bruſh
And Baniſh'd from the Court did live,
Till *S——h* got me a Reprieve.
When coming Home from Wars Alarms,
I threw my ſelf into her Arms.
On Mother *J——gs* Prophecy,
Who had foretold, (as moſt agree)
Her Daughter ſhou'd a D—ſs be.
And more, that I ordain'd by Fate,
Shou'd come to be a Gen——l Great:
And after many Conqueſts got,
I then ſhou'd be— but here ſhe ſtopt.
And as for what is yet behind,
The Prophecy continues blind;
Tho' ſome pretend to hit the Blot,
And ſay my H——d had gone to Pot;
Was what the Prophecy did mean,
Had I not wiſely now foreſeen

The Threaten'd Danger that there lay,
Behind the Curtain,—— VVherefore ſay
My Foes. He thought it time to ſneak away.
Nor are they therein much miſtaken,
'Tis Policy, to ſave one's Bacon:
For who can tell where Things wou'd reſt,
VVhere I to ſtay, and ſtand the Teſt.

A Fable I remember yet,
VVhich ſomething does the purpoſe hit;
The Lyon once on an Occaſion,
Had Iſſu'd forth a Proclamation:
Declaring, as it did import,
That all Horn'd Beaſts *ſhou'd leave the Court;*
And not, on pain of Death, come near
The ſame——At which being ſtruck with fear,
Some one way, ſome another flew,
Nor Horn nor Hounds did need purſue;
They ran as if with ſpeed ſo faſt,
They wou'd have broke their Necks for haſt.
Among the reſt on's Forehead top,
There's one a Bunch of Fleſh *had got,*
Who flying was, with equal ſpeed,
To ſave his Life with th' Horned Breed:
Him on the way a Fox did meet,
And ſmiling, thus the Beaſt did greet.

Prithee, ſays Reynard, *where doſt flye?*
This Order hurts not you and I:
'Tis true indeed it do's import,
That all Horn'd Beaſts ſhall leave the Court;

For whoſe ſweet ſake, I her dear Br——r,
Was the moſt made on, one or t'other.
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To ſave his Life with th' Horned Breed:
Him on the way a Fox did meet,
And ſmiling, thus the Beaſt did greet.

Prithee, ſays Reynard, *where doſt flye?*
This Order hurts not you and I:
'Tis true indeed it do's import,
That all Horn'd Beaſts ſhall leave the Court;

But thou may'ſt venture ne'ertheleſs,
Why thine is but a Bunch of Fleſh:
Therefore return with me again,
Thou'rt ſafe enough I will maintain.

Hold, ſays the Beaſt, that well had weigh'd
The doubtful Cenſure of his Head;
This Bunch *of mine 'tis true, crys he,*
They ne'er can prove a Horn *to be:*
But what of that?——
Suppoſe that they ſhou'd ſay 'tis ſo,
Where am I then, I fain wou'd know?
No, rather ſafety I'll prefer,
Than truſt uncertain Danger there.
And ſo Adieu—— The World I'll roam,
And ne'er till Horns *again in Faſhion come,*
Think of returning to my Native Home.

The Moral let the Reader make,
'Tis but ill truſting when one's H——d's at ſtake.
Bread and *Bread-Waggons*, under ſome
Conſtructions, may be put too home;
And as the State of Matters go,
From *Bunch of Fleſh* to *HORNS* may grow;
And why I ſhou'd not, while I may
Be ſafe, I think there's none will ſay.

Adieu then——Let an Exile tread
Where he may ſafely truſt his Head;
For ſtill to live 'twixt Hope and Fear,
Do's worſe than Baniſhment appear.
To *German* Courts let me repair,
'Tis *for my Health*, the change of Air;

And

And under God, avoiding Strife,
May be a Means to ſave one's Life:
My *German Friends* retain my Fame,
And *M——h* lives in *Hochſtet*'s Name.
All Pomp of Life I'll diſeſteem,
And live *Incog.* at *Mindelheim.*
He that the *Empires Saviour* was,
Can never, ſure, want their Applauſe:
Sometimes a Viſit I may pay
At *Ha——r*, tho' Men may ſay
I make my Court againſt a *Rainy Day.*
Nor need I fear a a plain Confeſſion
To put my Hopes on that *Succeſſion:*
For when that H——ſe ſhall come to Reign,
Horn'd Beaſts may then return again.
Sometimes a Journey too I'll take,
To viſit my *Dutch* Friends at th' *Hague:*
They muſt careſs me, or they're Clowns,
I made 'em Pennyworths of Towns;
'Gainſt which I knock'd out *Britain*'s Brains,
And ſpent its Coin in long Campaigns:
Thus I'll the Reſidue Employ
Of Life, and Peace, and Eaſe Enjoy.

Then farewel *Britain*, farewel all
A Man can well Ungrateful call:
I little thought from former Praiſe,
In Exile thus to end my Days.

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